

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

OHIO OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

At the recent Rail Road Celebration at Marietta, Governor Chase made the following address:

Gov. CHASE'S SPEECH.

Gentlemen: The Committee of Arrangements for the auspicious occasion, has assigned to me the first railroad attempted in this State, and the citizens of many States in celebrating the happy consummation of a great work, so long ago commenced, so steadily urged and at length, notwithstanding manifold discouragements and difficulties almost insurmountable, so triumphantly accomplished.

It is with especial gratification that I welcome to our soil and our hospitable, the Representatives of that ancient and honored Commonwealth whose infancy was guided by the wisdom of religious toleration, and whose mature age was illustrated by the conception and inauguration of the first railroad attempted in this State, and the citizens of many States in celebrating the happy consummation of a great work, so long ago commenced, so steadily urged and at length, notwithstanding manifold discouragements and difficulties almost insurmountable, so triumphantly accomplished.

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I greet with no less satisfaction and with salutations no less hearty, the Directors, and officers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the members of the City Government of Baltimore, the gentlemen of the press—members of that other distinguished citizens, whose concurrence in this celebration makes this one of those white days, which we anticipate with pleasure and remember with delight.

Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, one and all.—May you derive from your brief journey to the limits of Ohio, a pleasure as real and as great as the pleasure which you bring with you. To you, sir, (turning to General Cass,) I may say something more than welcome to Ohio! I may almost say, Welcome home! Welcome, I may certainly say, to the theatre of your earliest manhood? Welcome to the community from which you receive your first political training. Welcome to the spot which witnessed, near half a century ago, the commencement of that long career of distinguished public service and high public trust through which you have moved—a career long, yet we trust, to be protracted through a vigorous and honored old age, in the midst of which, perhaps by political sympathies, but cannot be extinguished by political differences. Here, sir, now, as then, rolls the same beautiful Ohio; there, with willing tribute, come the same swift muskings; yonder rise the same verdant slopes; above, the same blue sky. My gratification in welcoming you to Ohio, gentlemen, is doubled by the circumstance that at the same moment, I may welcome you to the spot where the foundation of the State was laid—where indeed, the Anglo-Saxon settlement of the Illinois.

Here, on the 7th day of April, 1788, not yet quite seventy years ago, after a winter's journey across the Alleghenies, through deep snows and over almost impassable ways; after a voyage in boats constructed by themselves, down the Youngbushy, down the Alleghenies, down the Ohio, under the lead of Rufus Putney, a Brigadier General of the Revolutionary Army, who possessed and fully deserved the entire confidence of Washington—came the first settlers of Ohio—noble souls—devoted patriots—brave soldiers—who, having gallantly aided in achieving the independence of the country, now turned their energies to the establishment of new homes for freedom, and a new Empire of Freedom in the Western wilderness.

Here they found, in singular preservation, those remarkable and extensive earthworks, existing, though in a somewhat injured condition, to this day, the purpose of which, whether civil or military, secular or ecclesiastical, baffles antiquarian research, though all agree that they must have been constructed in remote antiquity, and by a race of men which has long since disappeared.

Here, too, they found the first settlement of that race the red men of the forest still resentful of their defeat in Pontiac's war, and jealous of the encroachments of the white man.

With characteristic energy and promptitude, on the very next day after their arrival they commenced the work of dividing the land, and preparing it for cultivation and defence. Hope printed for them a bright though distant future, but not even the magic pencil of hope could have pictured the magic reality. From this germ in the wilderness has sprung a State as rich in resources and as powerful in arms as were the whole United Colonies of our country. Our fathers were glad to avail themselves of the Indian trails and buffalo paths on land and of canoe and broadheads upon the water. Eighty-seven years ago, a red man, standing here on the banks of the Ohio, might have remarked, floating downward with the stream, rude canoe, manned by two Indians, and bearing three white men, of whom one in the prime of noble manhood, was easily distinguished from the other by his dignified bearing and by his athletic proportions. It was Washington, who had crossed the mountains on horseback by the rough paths of the period, and was on his way to establish pre-emption claims in behalf of himself and his fellow-soldiers in the French and Indian wars, by marking trees and setting up monuments on the lands south of the Ohio just ceded by the Six Nations. Here, and not very far from where we now stand, he loaded, to exchange tokens of amity, and smoke the pipe of peace with an Indian Chief, whose friendship had gained seventeen years before when he had visited the tribes as the youthful envoy of Dinwiddie.

But the day of canoes and broad heads, of Indian trails and buffalo paths passed away. Steam boats made their appearance on the rivers, canals furnished new channels of water communication, and Turnpikes and Macadamized roads facilitated and quickened intercourse by land. Over the Alleghenies and westward as far as Springfield, in Ohio, the National Road was built for the accommodation of the traveler and the emigrant, and to secure the means of prompt communication in times of peril. The traveler on this road may still see, standing by the wayside, not far from the city of Wheeling, a simple monument, which commemorates the services of Henry Clay in the

formation of this then important bond and ligament of Union between the Atlantic States and the interior. The monument will crumble—the road itself may be deserted and forgotten—but the name of Henry Clay will live while patriotism is honored and genius finds a shrine in the hearts of men.

Turnpikes and Macadamized roads, rivers and canals still supply indispensable facilities of intercourse. But a third period has begun. The Railroad and the Telegraph now assert their claims to pre-eminence as the most important means of rapid communication, and the most beneficial agencies of progress.

With this new era the great work of which we now celebrate the accomplishment, stands closely and prominently connected. While yet a youth, pursuing my professional studies in the City of Washington, I remember to have witnessed the celebration of the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—perhaps to Endicott's Mills—perhaps on the Ohio Railroad little imagined how much more vast than even their great conception, were to be the results of the work they undertook. They contemplated a connection with the Ohio, and through the Ohio and its affiliated rivers, with the immense territories watered by them. But they did not dream that these rivers, themselves, were to be half superseded by other railroads, continuing their own iron track further and further towards the setting sun.

They did not even contemplate, I believe, the construction of that Northwestern Virginia Railroad, over which you have just come hither. Still less did they anticipate that, when that branch of the Ohio Railroad was completed, it would be the Cincinnati & Marietta Road would be here to receive its passengers and freight and convey them Westward. He would have been counted insane who should have predicted it. The only hospitalities thought to be due to him who might have been expected to participate in such a celebration as this, would have been the hospitalities of the Lunatic Asylum.

To-day, gentlemen, you will have an opportunity of seeing how sober such an anticipation would have been. To-night you will be welcomed at the ancient metropolis of Ohio. To-morrow you will be received by the Queen City of the great Central Valley—still justly entitled to that proud distinction though many ambitious aspirants are eager to pluck the crown from her brows. There a greater wonder awaits you. The Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, forming still another link of the Central American Railroad, stretches away still Westward, and the iron horse impatiently delays its eager to bear you on, beyond the ancient limits of the Republic, where the memories of the Crusades, and of French Empire, and of French Civilization are perpetuated by the name of St. Louis.

There you may pause; but the Railroad, the Locomotive, and the Telegraph—these, Steam and Lightning—the three mighty Genii of modern civilization, still press onward, and I venture here to predict it will know no lasting pause until the whole vast line of railway shall be complete from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Baltimore to San Francisco.

Gentlemen, I must not detain you by reflections. It were idle, indeed, to attempt to express the feelings which these themes excite. God grant that we may have the wisdom to understand that this our wonderful heritage of liberty, prosperity and extended empire came from Him and can only be preserved by obedience to His laws. This great railroad brings into such intimate relations, and that larger Union which embraces all the States of the Confederacy and which forms the best guaranty of the permanence and enlargement of our precious heritage of Free institutions, may carry to all its glorious strength and beauty while the mountains and the rivers, traversed by the road, shall stand or flow.

WHAT THE VOICE SAID TO THE STUDENT

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Come, push on, the world keeps moving—
Rush to your place in its restless throng;
Life is action, striving or loving
Only waste time, so move along:
"Change makes sunset," say earth and ocean—
Daybreak, sunset—flux and tide;
The law of being is ceaseless motion,
Struggle you must or be thrust aside.

Cloistered in your antique case,
Row on row, the volumes see;
They who list may run the race,
Leave me my books and let me be.

Shut your book-shelves' rusty jaws,
This is no age of crows and frocks—
Flatter opinion into applause,
And mouse to fame through the ballot-box;

Narrow the disk of the student's light—
Ample and broad the bounds of state;
You—when pay and honors invite—
Are a fool to be wise, when you might be great.

Radiant lights, through ages gone,
Shining ever steadily,
Still your splendors lure me on!
Leave me my books and let me be.

Golden the text of notes and scrip,
Tinsel and stuff your prose and verse;
Who, in this "progressive age," would grip
The impotent pen, if he could the purse?

Wealth is the modern, true sublime,
Press to the goal by toil or luck,
Rapid the wheel in the mint of time—
Every minute is silver-struck.

Ah, my stilly, stilly pages,
Dearest, dearer yet to me
Seems your hoarded fare of ages—
Leave me my books and let me be.

Dreamer! rhapsodist! open thine eyes!
Time and occasion wait for none;
What though competitors gripe the prize?
Palms worth winning may still be won.

Action! action! just you must,
Or ousted by others expect to be;
Men by attrition are fashen'd, just
As pebbles are ground in the stormy sea.

In you silent shrine of thought
Lies a wondrous history;
All the tolling world hath wrought—
Leave me my books and let me be.

Stubborn idolater! wealth and fame
Powerless arguments seem to you;
Finger in century-dust, "a name!"
Starve, with the starveling literate crew;

Die, and lie with your noble dead,
Who win futurity's plaudits note,
To rise, like the drowned, from the river's dead—
But deaf to the cannon that bids them fight.

AN ARABIAN KNIGHT'S TALE.

Mahammed Habat, nephew of the celebrated Ex-Bashaw of Tripoli, Hamet Caranem, is now stopping at the National Hotel in this city. The visit of this venerable Arab—the first, we believe, of his race, who ever touched our shores—recalls one of the most romantic episodes of our national history—and one in which, fifty years ago, he himself, then a young man, took an honorable part. For the story of his capture of Derne in 1805 by the combined American and Arabian forces. It will be remembered that, under Jefferson's administration, General Eaton and Commodore Barron, with a small naval squadron, were sent to the Mediterranean to put down the system of piracy previously practiced by Tripoli on the commerce of this government, and to procure the release of three hundred and twenty American citizens who had been taken from an American vessel and were held in slavery by the ruling Bashaw, who had refused to comply with our demands, except for a ransom of \$200,000 and the payment of an annual tribute of \$20,000 for the relinquishment of his depredations.

On his arrival in the Mediterranean, General Eaton at once proceeded to Alexandria, in Egypt, and formed a treaty in behalf of the United States with the Bashaw's elder brother, Hamet—or, properly speaking, Archmet—who had been unjustly deposed, and after his banishment had resided in Upper Egypt. By this treaty, the Bashaw agreed to co-operate in order to reinstate Hamet on the throne, provided that on his restoration he would set free the captured Americans, and refrain from the plundering policy of his brother, the ruling usurper. To these terms Hamet assented, and abandoning the lucrative position of General, he sailed for Egypt, and in company with the Mamelukes of Upper Egypt, he contributed his entire force of Arab followers, camels and horses, to the expedition for the reconquest of Tripoli. How this military caravan (early in March, 1805) started on their two months' journey of toil and suffering from Alexandria, on the southern shore of Egypt, across the great Barca desert; what privations and dangers they endured from hunger, thirst and terrible snows, or hot wind, which, with its column of heated dust, "swept everything which had life to the ground," how, on arrival at Derne, the chief of the Tripoli, the summons to surrender was answered by the Governor with the laconic response: "My head or yours?" and how, after an obstinate and bloody resistance of two days, the city surrendered with but a loss of fourteen of the one hundred American marines, who, with two thousand Arabs, constituted the assaulting force—all these things are well known to our countrymen, and the honorable visitor is probably the only surviving participant.

Our readers are also aware of the discreditable conclusion of this affair. Hamet was deprived, after all, of the fruits of the victory, in consequence of the treaty secretly made by the pusillanimous usurper, who, just as he was about losing his head, secretly fled to the coast, and secured an American Consul at Algiers, in consideration of a ransom for his American prisoners, to discontinue his piracy upon American vessels. The acceptance of this disgraceful treaty by Commodore Barron, who commanded the naval forces against Tripoli, put a stop to the prosecution of hostilities by Eaton and his land forces, and the expedition was abandoned. The unfortunate monarch, who had thus lost everything to sustain the United States, was deprived of the fruits of his victory. By means of the treaty he was compelled to retire, impoverished and heartbroken, to Egypt, where, in 1810, he died. From that time till 1842, his family and descendants were sustained by the liberality of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, at whose death, however, they were deprived of their government patronage, and recently became so reduced, that, last year, he was resolved to send Mohammed Habat to solicit from the justice and gratitude of this government the payment of its debt to his uncle.

Of course he could obtain no hearing at Washington. He had no money to satisfy the lobby, and his case was in vain urged upon Congress. It was not until the Congress of 1866, by passing an appropriation of about \$30,000 to meet the "immediate and temporary wants" of Hamet Caranem, in such terms as necessarily implied an acknowledgment of the Government's indebtedness for the remainder. But there being no agent in the United States to receive the money, it was not until the year 1867, when it was received by the appearance of this gray-headed son of the desert, who, after six months of fruitless application, in despair of any aid from the government, is indebted to private charity for the means of returning, to his home in Egypt.

—New York Evening Post.

CICERO AND SUMNER.

The following, if not an example of plagiarism, shows that Senator Sumner has studied Cicero to some purpose, and made the most of his midnight oil. That is right. Let all students study with an object in view, and systematically file away what they learn for future use.

Hear Cicero:
"It cannot be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely for the liberty and safety of all Greece. No! By the generous souls who were exposed at Marathon! By those who stood at Plataea! By those who entered the Persian fleet at Salamis, who fought at Artemisium! By all those illustrious sons of Athens whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments! * * * What belongs to gallant men they all performed—their success was such as Providence dispenses to each."

Now hear Sumner:
"But it cannot be that she acts wrong for herself and children, when in this cause she thus encounters reproach. No! By the generous souls who were exposed at Lexington—by those who stood arrayed at Bunker Hill—by the many from her bosom, who on all the fields of the great struggle, led the vigorous and true to the great goal of all—the children she has borne, whose names alone are national trophies, in Massachusetts now vowed irrevocably to this work. What belongs to the faithful servant she will do in all things, and Providence shall determine the result."—Peoples Paper.

How Dr. Ross omitted the fifth verse.—Dr. Ross preached on Sabbath in an Anti-Slavery Church, in Cleveland. We take the following particulars in regard to the sermon of the distinguished Southern clergyman from the Cleveland Herald:
"The pastor made the opening prayer, and uttered a solemn and earnest petition to Heaven for the slave, and that slavery might be banished from the earth, the distinguished gentleman, forgetting that the hymn books in this part of the country had not been revised and corrected to suit the peculiarities of pro-slavery religion, opened the book lying upon the desk, and commenced reading a hymn at random. The first four verses went off swimmingly, but on coming to the fifth the reader's face turned suddenly the color of a blood beet, and his voice sunk nearly to a whisper. What was the matter? The congregation refers to their hymn books, when a broad smile ran like a wave of mirth all over the house—old deacons like their lips and strove to look grave, and the younger class of the congregation almost 'laughed right out.' The last verse pronounced a curse upon the oppressor, and breathed a prayer for the suffering bondman. Shades of the Supreme Court and the Fugitive Law, what a position was that for a minister who openly contends that slavery is of God, and sanctioned and sanctified by Heaven! The Rev. gentleman was for moment nonplussed—the situation was uncommon tight—but he rallied, and proved himself equal to the occasion, by shouting to the singers, with a face like an Indian summer sunset after a storm. 'You will omit the fifth verse.'"

A BIG BUSINESS FOR ONE DAY.—Jim Lane was arrested on Monday, the 25th day of May, and made two speeches. He was arrested the same day for assault and battery with intent to kill, and admitted to bail in \$800. And he was admitted as a member of the bar upon taking oath to support the Constitution and the Organic Act.

WHAT'S A FAIR OR NOBLE FACE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

What's a fair or noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see?
Eyes may catch from heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby's light recall;
In the home for love to dwell
One good feeling's worth them all.

Give me virtue's rose to trace,
Honor's kindling glance and mien;
However plain the face,
Beauty is where these are seen!
Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall;
In the home for love we know
One good feeling's worth them all!

VOLUNTARY ENSLAVEMENT OF FREE NEGROES.

The Richmond Enquirer says: "Do many, even of the Virginia people, know that their statute book contains a law, providing expressly, for any free negro's becoming a slave if he chooses?—Both the law, and its cause, are curious.

The Virginia legislature had repeatedly been troubled with petitions from free people of color, praying for special acts (laws) authorizing them to make themselves the slaves of white persons whom they had chosen or might choose, as owners. Petitions from eight such were presented in the session of 1856 from one resident of Culpeper county, from five residents of Southampton, and from two residents of Lunenburg. Acts were passed according to their prayers. But as there seemed a likelihood of many more such applications, the Legislature, to save trouble, enacted also a general law, "for the voluntary enslavement of the free negroes of this Commonwealth." [Session's Act of 1856, p. 37.]

Any free colored person, resident in Virginia, aged 18, if a female, or 21 if a male, may choose a master, thus: May file a petition in the Circuit Court of the county, signed in the presence of two or more subscribing witnesses, stating his desire to choose an owner, and the wished for owner's name. A notice that it has been filed is to be posted at the Court House door for one month; both the petitioner and designated owner are to be summoned to appear at the next term of the Court. On their appearance, the Court shall examine each separately, and such other persons as it sees fit to examine. At such examination, the Commonwealth's Attorney shall be present, and see that it is properly conducted and that no injustice is done to the petitioner.

If the Court be satisfied there is no fraud or collusion between the parties, and no good reason to the contrary, it may grant the prayer. And then the designated owner shall be the petitioner's value a slave; of which if the chosen master pay one-half into Court (to go into the public treasury), and give bond, with good security, that the negro shall not become chargeable to any county or corporation in the State; such valuation, payment and bond shall be entered on record; and from the time of such entry, the property in him, as a slave, shall rest in that master; whose rights and liabilities, and the petitioner's condition, shall be in all respects as though he had been born a slave. But if the person so enslaved be a female, her children, born prior to that time of her enslavement, shall be free. (Clauses in the Code of Virginia provide that words denoting the masculine gender, may include also the feminine; and that the word negro shall include mulatto.)

That such a law as the one here abridged should be enacted for proslavery and not for anti-slavery purposes, is a curious fact. (The law is to be repealed by the next Legislature.)

WHAT NEXT IS TO BE DONE WITH FREE NEGROES.

We record the decision of the Judges of the Supreme Court in this case, with the highest satisfaction. It meets with our hearty, cordial, and unqualified approval. The highest judicial tribunal in the land has decided that the blackamoors called, by the extreme of public courtesy, the colored population, are not citizens of the United States, and therefore cannot be followed by other decisions and regulations in respect to individual States themselves. Negro suffrage must, of course, be abolished everywhere.

Negro nuisances, in the shape of occupying promiscuous places in our railroads and churches with those who are citizens must be abated. Negroes shall be banished from our streets, and must be rebuked; the whole tribe must be taught to fall back into their legitimate position in human society—the position that Divine Providence intended they should occupy. Not being citizens, they can claim none of the rights or privileges belonging to a citizen; they can never hold office, or occupy any other position in society than an inferior and subordinate one—the only one for which they have the natural qualifications which entitle them to enjoy or possess.—South Side (Va.) Democrat.

In the meantime, slaveholders and their favorites must have the privilege of mixing their aristocratic blood with this base servile blood, breeding out of this every shade, calling them their own children negroes, and domineering to eternal degradation! Great souls! Noble fellows! Born to rule! Brim full of personal, social, political, and religious exultation! We to the traitorous souls that would sever "our glorious Union" with such a nobility!

The "South"—an ultra liberal pro-slavery journal published in Richmond, Va., suggests in an article which appeared a few days since, some amendments to the Constitution of the United States, with a view to the perpetuation of slavery. It says the balance of power in the Senate is lost, or will be lost in a few years, and expresses a fear that the time is approaching when the Free States amendments for the purpose to amend the Constitution as they will, should no effort were made to deprive them of that privilege. "A glance at the map of the United States," says the South, "that the Republican party will ultimately triumph in this country. To prevent their withdrawing from the 'peculiar institution,' its ancient constitution, the journal throws out the following suggestion:

"If, now, we can so amend the Constitution as to provide that no such power shall ever be conferred upon the General Government, except by the same unanimity which is already required to deprive any State of its equal representation in the Senate, that danger might be obviated.—If the Southern States were amended, to curtail the growing power of the Central Government, and assure as the sun will rise upon the morrow, as surely will it be amended, if the Union continues so long, to increase that power. If the States of the South now fear to ask amendments for their protection, how long will they be better able to resist amendments for their subjection? Do not, as the muttering thunders of Northern indignation at the Dred Scott decision, already give earnest of the storm? Is not wisest, is not eminently prudent, for us to insist now upon a revision of the articles of the Union, while we are capable of withstanding such every day, with that increasing comparative weakness—and, with that increasing disposition to assault and subvert?"

Adversities are blessings in disguise. We know a man who has lived six months on a sprained ankle. He belongs to half a dozen societies and draws four dollars a week from them. He once spent a summer at Saratoga on a sore throat.

To think too poorly of yourself is a weakness; to think too well of yourself is a folly.

Worrying continually about something or nothing is a popular mode of suicide.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO.
TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum payable in advance Or, \$2.00 at the end of the year.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to MARCUS R. ROBINSON, Editor. All others to ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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" " Each additional insertion, - - - 25
" " Six months, - - - 4.00
" " One year, - - - 6.00
Two Squares six months, - - - 5.00
" " One year, - - - 8.00

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ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following Tracts for gratuitous distribution:

- No. 1. The United States Constitution, Examined.
- No. 2. White Slavery in the United States.
- No. 3. Colonization, By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
- No. 4. Does Slavery Christianize the Negro? By Rev. T. W. Higginson.
- No. 5. The Inter-State Slave Trade. By John G. Palfrey.
- No. 6. The "Ruin" of Jamaica. By Richard Hildreth.
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- No. 8. To Mothers in the Free States. By Mrs. E. L. Lollen.
- No. 9. Influence of Slavery upon the White Population. By a Lady.
- No. 10. Slavery and the North. By C. C. Burleigh.
- No. 11. Disunion our Wisdom and our Duty. By Rev. Charles E. Luddes.
- No. 12. Anti-Slavery Hymns and Songs. By Mrs. E. L. Lollen.
- No. 13. The Two Alarms; or, Two Pictures in a Parable. By Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.
- No. 14. "How can I Help to Abolish Slavery?" or, Counsels to the Newly Converted. By Maria W. Chapman.
- No. 15. What have we, as Individuals, to do with Slavery? By Susan C. Cabot.
- No. 16. The American Tract Society; and its Policy of Suppression and Relief.
- No. 17. The God of the Bible Against Slavery. By Rev. Charles Beecher.

All donations for the Tract Fund, or for the circulation of any particular Tract of the above series, should be sent to Francis Jackson, Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Fifty Dollars will stereotype an eight-page tract and print 25,000 copies of it. Application for the above Tracts, for gratuitous distribution, should be made to SAMUEL MAY, JR., 21 Cornhill, Boston to the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street New York, and 31 North Street, Philadelphia; to JOSEPH McMICHAEL, Salem, Columbia Co., Ohio; or to JACOB WALTERS, Jr., Adrian, Michigan.

FARM FOR SALE.

A valuable Farm of 107 acres, with a large, commodious and well-furnished House—a good Barn, horse stable and all other necessary out-houses is offered for sale, cheap and on good terms. It is situated in Carroll County, one-fourth of a mile from Leesburgh, near a depot on the Shenandoah and Indiana Railroad. The country is fertile, the land good, water abundant and of excellent quality, and the farm well stocked with a variety of excellent farm.

For further particulars inquire at the office of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, or on the premises of Dec. 18, 1856. JACOB MILLISACK.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

The Subscriber having purchased the Stock in Trade of Mr. Samuel Grove, Corner of Main and Elsworth Streets, would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Salem and its vicinity, to the new and improved assortment of Groceries and provisions.

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All articles sold warranted to be as good as recommended.

My purchases being all made with cash, I flatter myself that I can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with a call.

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I have on hand and for sale Doctor Webster's Invigorating Cordial or Health Bitters a sure remedy for Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, &c., and a great regulator of the Stomach and Bowels. Also, Brooks' sure remedy for Diarrhea and Dysentery and Cholera preventative.

Warranted to Cure in all Cases or the money will be refunded.

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Botanic Medicine.

HIGH-STREET, SALEM OHIO.

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J. DEMING & Co.,

Have just returned from the Eastern Cities with a fresh stock of

Family Groceries,

much the largest ever brought to this town, which they are determined to sell at a small advance on cost.

We invite the citizens of Salem and vicinity to call and examine our Goods, we would call particular attention to our fine stock of TEAS.

We would say to country dealers that we can and will sell them Goods at Pittsburgh prices; such as Tea, Coffee, Rice, Sugars, Chocolate, Spices, Soap, Candles, &c. by the barrel, Herring by the box, common and fancy Candles, Foreign Fruit, and Nuts, Crackers by the barrel, &c., &c. Coffee from 10 to 12 cents per pound. The highest market price paid for Butter, Eggs, White Beans, &c., &c.

J. DEMING & Co.

Nov. 1, 1855.

BARNABY & ARNOLD.

Wish to announce to the citizens of Salem and vicinity, and to the public generally, that they have just received at their CLOTHING STORE, North Side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio; A new, extensive and superior stock of Goods, suitable for the FALL & WINTER TRADE. Our assortment of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Satinets, Suits, with Trimmings of all kinds, will be sold by the Yard or Made up to Order, at prices as low as a manner that will compare favorably with those of any similar establishment in Salem or elsewhere. Also, a good assortment of Ready Made Clothing, Consisting of Frocks, Dresses, and Business Coats, Overcoats, Cloaks, Vests, Pantalons, Shirts, Drawers, Suspender, and from 11 to 11 inches thick, &c., &c. Our Terms of Sale for the future are

READY PAY!! which will enable us to sell a little better goods at a little lower prices than could be afforded on the credit system.

We think we can suit our customers with whatever they may want in our line, and we invite all desiring to purchase, to call, judge for themselves, and act accordingly.

BARNABY & ARNOLD.

October 18, 1856.

Cash for Slaves!!

The Subscriber will pay Cash for Slaves of the following dimensions:

Pipe Slaves 44 feet long, 34 inch wide, 12 inch heart edge, \$17 per thousand.
Barrel Slaves 33 inches